

Masthead Logo

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Winter

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*"Are You Experienced?"*

The boughs of the pines, laden with snow  
(outside the window, where anything goes),  
wag their heads in reproachment of: me?

*O say can you see it's really such a mess,  
every inch of earth . . . someone sang and then  
he was dead of it. Which is, we say: History.*

*Winter*

has bent the backs of these trees back  
nearly in half. Every day the snow's  
a little deeper. . . . Another way

the cold white glare of nothing  
and everything buried beneath it  
rears up to say *Pleased to meet you.*